Othello that were once loe goode
in the practice of a damnd, Slave
houlde bee laide to thee
ny thing an honorable murtherer if
ill for nought did I in hate but all
our
vech hath parte confect his vilany did
and her congente in Cassio's death

Generale I did never give you cause
beleve it and I aske you pardon
u I pray demande that I my I my
why hee hath thus ensnared my soule an

d mee nothing what you know you know
his time forward I never will speake
not to pray
ts will ope your lipps
thou doste beste.

u shalt understande what hath befalle
w liue as I think you know not heere
ffounde in the pocket of y slaine
go and heere another, the one of thou
ts the death of Cassio to bee bu
Lod Rodrigo;

Othel O Villaine
Cassio Moste houthish and most grosse
Lod Now heere another discontented paper
in his pocket to and this it should
mente to have slayne this damnd
but that belike Iago in the interim
came in and satisfied him.
Othel Otherwise Caitiffe How came yo
Cassio by a ffandkerchife that was my
Cass I founde it my Chamber and hee him
confest it but even now that thou
dropt it for a speciale purpose whic
to his desire.
Othel O ffoole ffoole, ffoole.
Cassio Thee is bedide in Rodrigoes Letter ho
upbraides Iago that hee made him be
upon the water whereon it rennes that
rust and even but now hee spake aft
long: seeming dead Iago: Hurt him Iago
Lod You must forsake this roome and goe with u
your power and commande is taken of and
ended in Cipruss: ffor this slave
if thee bee any cunning cruelty that
tormente him mute and bind him long